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NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

Politics and Freedom, by Caleb Foote

We Tried the United Front, by Dorothy Detzer

A New Revolution, by Pearl S. Buck

The Bard and War, by Carl D. Bennett

London Letter, by Vera Brittain

The Pacifist Scene—Eight Pages of Photos

THIS MONTH

QUIETLY threading its way among impassioned advocates of Wallace, Thomas and Trygve Lie, FELLOWSHIP tosses oil on the raging fire with Caleb Foote's *Politics and Freedom,* which none of the partisans will enjoy. . . . Pearl Buck's *A New Revolution* is her tribute to Gandhi, whose birthday is October 2. . . . Another letter from Vera Brittain is sure of a warm welcome. . . . But any Communists who pick up this issue will be thoroughly disgruntled by *We Tried the United Front,* by the WIL's former lobbyist, Dorothy Detzer. . . . The pictures in the center are a new departure—let us know how you like it.

NEXT MONTH

JOHN SWOMLEY, back from three years of fighting conscription, draws an alarming picture in *Preparedness and Profits.* . . . From Germany comes a restrained but deeply moving story of a day in one man's life. It's called *Lucky People;* written by Walter Gaupp, and translated by Margaret Rusk White. . . . Frederick P. Walther, Jr., suggests the possibilities of full living in *Invitation to Adventure.* . . . and a P.R.B. survey on the American Labor Movement.

FELLOWSHIP

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Fellowship

the journal of the fellowship of reconciliation

October, 1948 Vol. XIV—No. 9

Subheads

Progress

For all the tongue-in-cheek attitude of Mr. Niebuhr and his neo-orthodoxians, we must confess to a naive little lingering belief in Progress. Maybe man *is* evil, and maybe he has made a mess of things, but there's another side to the story, too. Take the matter of cutting the ribbon to open the Golden Jubilee Exposition in New York, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the big city's consolidation.

How would *you* go about cutting a ribbon? How would Mr. Niebuhr? With a scissors, no doubt, or even with a pocketknife! But modern science has made both instruments obsolete. Here's how it got the ribbon cut.

Overhead, a Navy bomber trained some telescopes on the star Alioth, which happens to be just fifty light years away. At exactly eight-thirty (Eastern Daylight Saving Time) light was admitted through the scopes. The light "activated" some photo-electric cells, which sent radio impulses to the exposition, where it "triggered" an atomic pile, split a uranium atom and ignited, electrically, a mass of magnesium in the ribbon. "With a flash and a loud crack," reports the ecstatic *New York Times*, "the ribbon flew apart and the invited guests, 6,000 strong, poured into the building."

Now *that's* Progress!

Application

Without laboring the point too obviously, we can't help wondering whether something of the sort would help to cut the Gordian knot in Russo-American relations. We know of a star that might give just the right kind of light!

Conflict

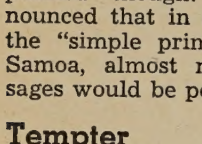
On the other hand—still speaking of Progress—there are signs of a sort of splintering of confidence in the materialistic set of values we've acquired, and a slackening in the infatuation with the kind of mass production that turns out motorcars and neurotics in almost equal proportions.

A few weeks ago the American representatives at the United Nations, talking about colonial possessions, imperialism, and so on, spread on the record a glowing description of life in American Samoa. The description was duly reported in the press, and thousands of Americans learned that life on Samoa is a "blissful, Utopian affair on breezeswept islands," where almost everybody lives off nature, hardly anyone works for a living, and there are virtually no radio sets.

The immediate response was a lot of applications from people who wanted to leave the highest standard of living in the world and go to Samoa pronto. They were disappointed though: the Navy announced that in order to preserve the "simple primitive beauty" of Samoa, almost no one-way passages would be permitted.

Tempter

Had the Navy hedged in its response on Samoa we might have suspected that the UN speech was part of a campaign to tempt discouraged liberals to seek the Elysian fields far from Washington. As it is, we're reasonably sure that such a campaign is in progress, and if we get the time we want to look up one Charles J. Smith, who gives as his address Suva, in the Fiji Islands. Mr. Smith is the chap who advertised "South Sea Island Home Sites" in a recent issue of the *Progressive*, at $10 an acre up.



Either Smith is part of the campaign we suspect, or he is a shrewd salesman with a deep knowledge of psychology. The ordinary sales minded modern would never think of advertising in a liberal magazine. Liberals are almost universally broke; they are raised from puppyhood to suspect all advertising as venal and corrupt; and, presumably, they are devoted to cause and wouldn't think of leaving the scene of conflict to loll on a beach eating free coconuts and bananas.

But Smith knows better. The liberal who has finished reading magazine-full of comment on the current world situation is not whit more receptive to the blandishments of the Ford in his future or Phillips Milk of Magnesia, but he's ripe for a homesite in the South Sea Islands at ten bucks an acre. The temptation to run out on it all washes over every good liberal and radical from time to time and never more so than when he's just had his monthly dose of political and economic realism.

So to the barricades, editors! Let's get a note of optimism in those pages. *Progressive* can do what it wants, but from here on out this magazine will counter-attack with at least one note of cheer in each issue.

Meanwhile, the writer of Subversive Activities Committee heads will plan to investigate this subversive character in the near future. Readers who wish to send contributions to defray the cost of the investigation should address them c/o Charles J. Smith, Suva, Fiji Islands. A full report will be mailed in—ah—sometime.

Threat

In the event that you're not already sufficiently frightened by the various horrible fates that threaten humanity, a Long Island engineer named Brown has come up with

new one. According to Mr. Brown, the earth is already wobbling on its axis as a result of the weight of the polar ice cap, and is due to turn turtle almost any time.

Mr. Brown's thesis explains to his satisfaction the discovery of tropical animals of past ages frozen into polar ice. He believes that once every 8,000 years, on an average, the ice cap gets too heavy and tips the world over, "just as you might roll a pumpkin over so that a frosted side could thaw in the sun." In such a case, he predicts, the only people likely to survive would be the Eskimos, and they only if they could adapt quickly enough to the tropical climate in which they'd find themselves.

As nearly as *we* can figure out—and we never were good at geography—such a shift would put the United States smack in the middle of Siberia. Think what an investigation the House Un-American Affairs Committee could do on *that!*

Joke

From a correspondent in Germany comes a joke said to be going the rounds there:

In this land (he writes) where American is often synonymous with chewing gum, red finger nails, cigarettes, and chocolate, an American and a German were conversing. At one point, the American asked an impatient question.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that you Germans talk almost only about food and cigarettes?"

"Well," countered the German, "what do Americans talk about?"

"Oh, many things," was the reply. "Science, music, art, philosophy, and so on."

"That's simple, then," retorted the German. "What we talk about most is what we don't have."

Straws in a Foolish Wind

Former Air Force Chief of Staff General Carl Spaatz, in his final report, asserted the "immediate need" for a proving ground capable of testing guided missiles with a flight range of more than 160 miles.

* * *

French scientists reported in August that the remains of a radioactive cloud are still hanging around the Puy de Dome mountain area near Clermont-Ferrand. The cloud's been there, about 4,500 feet high, since the atomic-bomb tests at Bikini June 30, 1946, they say.

* * *

The United States Air Force has won a victory in its rebellion against an Army dictum that service shorts (underwear) must be olive-drab in color. The Army maintained that the olive-drab was necessary for "camouflage" purposes.

* * *

Boston newspapers ran 2-inch type streamer headlines when two pacifists picketed a draft board in that city. The *Traveler*, evidently carried away by the thought of rebellion, screamed: "Rout Draft Pickets."

* * *

The average American factory worker's pay rose to a new high during July—$52.96 a week, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These are the same factory workers whose exorbitantly high wages are, according to one group of weighty thinkers, responsible for inflation.

A New Revolution

By PEARL S. BUCK*

GANDHI IS DEAD. His ashes are scattered in the waters and over the earth of India. The indomitable frame, the fearless spirit, the long years, the high purposes, all were ended so easily. It was over in one instant. The shot of a gun and only silence is left, silence and a handful of ashes. It is no wonder that the ignorant, the stupid, the inventors of atom bombs, the generals, the captains, the sergeants, the little soldiers, are the lovers of violence. All that they fear, all that they hate, all who rebel against them, can be so easily ended. The movement of a finger upon a trigger, upon a button, a flash, a blast, and all that remains are silence and ashes. Today a million can be killed as easily as a thousand, a thousand as easily as one.

Gandhi was only one. His voice was single, always gentle, always reasoning. It was the voice of conscience in our turbulent life. He was right, he knew he was right, we all knew he was right. The man who killed him knew he was right. However long the follies of the violent continue they but prove that Gandhi was right. Nonviolence is the only common sense for human beings. We die so easily. Our bodies are soft and unprotected. The brain, the heart, the soul, are perilously lodged. We cannot wait for peace to be made, for arguments to be settled, for the quarrelsomeness of selfish men to subside. Before that settlement comes, life is over. At all costs, Gandhi said, we must refuse to use violence. Resist to the very end, he said, but without violence.

To a world confusing violence with power, these words seem too simple to be true. Yet truth is always simple. Men wind confusions and entanglements because they are afraid of simple truth. But truth is not changed. It is still simple. It is more fundamental than the atom itself.

The world longs for goodness. The people search for righteousness. There is no weapon, no bomb so powerful, as the force of a great good spirit. India will live and become great in our world, only as her people use this priceless force, this force of nonviolence, which the life of Gandhi exemplified for them. In that personal example was Gandhi's secret. He did what he told others to do. When people saw that this was true, they believed in him. The measure of a man's greatness is the extent to which he justifies by his own life, the faith of the people in him. Gandhi has done his part. It now remains for the people of India to take upon themselves his world leadership for nonviolence.

Indeed, it is the only way in which they can fulfill the promise of their greatness. Of violence the world is sick. By hatreds and quarrels we are surfeited and poisoned. The hearts of the people turn away from the noise of militarists and warmongers. We long for the peacemakers. No war brings peace, for violence only brings more violence. We need a new revolution, the revolution which Gandhi carried on in the midst of a world rent by violence.

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* An address delivered at the Gandhi Memorial in Washington.

Not More, but Less, Government Is What America Needs, Says This Writer, And Offers Some Serious Thinking on—

Politics and Freedom

By CALEB FOOTE

CONVENTIONS SAFELY OVER, the great American circus has once again started out on its quadrennial barnstorming tour of the nation, this time with a couple of extra rings thrown in as added attractions. A great to-do is going to be made pointing out the differences between the various candidates, but on what is perhaps the biggest single issue of our present crisis, the result of November's election has been pre-determined from the beginning. No matter who wins, the mandate of the voters will be used as an excuse to increase the power of centralized Big Government, strengthen the growing army of Federal bureaucracy, and move us further toward the evolution of the police state which is the logical outcome of our historical situation.

All of today's candidates are united in abandoning that rallying cry which characterizes young democracies: that government is best which governs least. All propose (in the name of democracy) the time-honored crisis-solution of authoritarianism: give us more power and we will solve your difficulties for you. All are aware of the other fellow's abuses of power —and all want more of the same for themselves.

This unanimity with which the politicians of every stripe are urging us onward toward a slave society is as clear a symptom as we could find of the extent of the cancer which is destroying our society. We have become a power-crazy empire, diligently cultivating centralized big government, big militarism, big business, big education and big farming. This bigness requires us steadily to narrow the policy-making role to fewer and fewer men, whose power over the masses of men grows correspondingly. It becomes less and less important who holds this power, for from a historical perspective the effects of authoritarianism are strikingly similar, whether its executors are idealistic, benevolent or malevolent. The differences are of short-range significance only, for the ultimate effect is, first, the destruction of what liberties remain to the people, followed by a dictatorial police state which is culminated with crash and/or decay.

Means to Destroy Freedom

As I have read the various political platforms emanating from the City of Brotherly Love, each with its glowing promises of freedom and democracy, each proposing means which can only destroy the end of freedom, I have thought back to a conversation I had about a month earlier with a government agent working in my local Collec-

tor of Internal Revenue office. The political candidates propose to use the growing centralized power of the Federal government to help us. That Federal power has nurtured a huge administrative class of diligent, efficient automatons to execute its will throughout the land, and the young man who sat behind the desk before me, reading our statement that we could no longer pay income taxes to a warmaking state, was a fair representative of this managerial-administrative machinery by which the politicians propose to save us.

"Well," he said, as he laid the statement down, "I'm not going to argue with you. You may be right. But I'm going right ahead and collect this tax. It's the law. It doesn't make any difference whether the law is right or not. You see, I'm just like this desk here. I don't think about these things. A job like this doesn't allow much room for thought."

But what about the fact that this money would be spent to stockpile atom bombs, put our army into Greece and Turkey, speed us on the road to war when science and common sense told us another war was the end?

"I don't know about that," he replied. "But until they drop an atom bomb on me, I'm going to do my job. You see, the collector says, 'X, you collect this delinquent tax within sixty days,' and I either collect or get fired. It's just my way of making a living."

The line taken by this pleasant, agreeable young man confirms the pattern I had noted among government agents on previous occasions when I had been in conflict with the law. He showed little interest in the ideological elements of the protest, but like the Selective Service, judicial and prison officials I have known, preferred to be "practical." "Why stick your neck out," they all say. "You won't get anywhere. You're a nice guy and I don't want to see you get hurt."

A Disarming Approach

This is a disarming and effective approach, and the agent assures you there's nothing personal about it, he's just doing his job. . . . "I don't think about these things, I'm just like this desk here." It reminds one of the story Mencius tells of a man who "stabs a person to death and says, 'It is not I who did this, but the sword.'" This relegation of responsibility that makes a man utterly subservient to a thing, coupled with the cynicism that reduces all moral issues to the level of "practicality," are the chief characteristics of the thinking of the managerial-administrative class. Power corrupts the top men who hold it in their hands; its effect upon the vast army which administers Mr. Big's decisions are a corrosion of the sense of responsibility, a desensitizing which reduces the human being to the level of a desk or a sword. To a man who disassociates himself from responsibility for his actions, anything becomes possible. Such disassociation is naturally most pronounced among police and prison officialdom, for buck-passing, unthinking obedience thrives under totalitarianism. But it is the natural result of all bigness where the effective power of decision is limited to a few and the word "yes" is the chief key to security and advancement for the many.

This Big Power environment produces among its hordes of subservient officials a Jekyll-and-

Hyde personality which explains why it is that common, decent, intelligent people who are often our friends can engage in actions which under extreme situations culminate in torture, mass executions or Hiroshima. Sixteen hours a day, off the job, these government agents are normal, likeable persons indistinguishable from the rest of humanity. This man is devoted to his family, another to his garden, another to building up his community. But eight hours a day these same men shed their humanity as a snake sheds his skin; they become desks, administering orders right or wrong, with no time for thought. What if the law calls for the gassing of a million Jews? Such a law would find plenty of human desks ready to execute it, all the while disclaiming any responsibility, just as the Nazi underlings at Buchenwald have done.

Often, in discussions with a prison guard or district attorney, I have been brought up short with the realization, "This is not the whole man with whom I'm talking. It is not the same person who left his home and family this morning, or who will return to them tonight. When he checked in for work, he checked his sense of responsibility outside." It is this mentality from which we have most to fear. There are comparatively few "villains," Mr. Wallace to the contrary notwithstanding. But there are millions of ordinary, decent human beings who, eight hours a day, lock

A Parable

I see mankind as a herd of cattle inside a fenced enclosure. Outside the fence are green pastures and plenty for the cattle to eat. While inside the fence there is not quite grass enough for the cattle. Consequently, the cattle are tramping underfoot what little grass there is, and goring each other to death in their struggle for existence. I saw the owner of the herd come to them, and when he saw their pitiable condition he was filled with compassion for them and thought of all he could do to improve their condition. So he called his friends together and asked them to assist him in cutting grass from outside the fence and throwing it over the fence to the cattle. And that they called charity.

Then, because the calves were dying off and not growing up into serviceable cattle, he arranged that they should have a pint of milk every morning for breakfast. Because they were dying off in the cold nights, he put up beautiful, well-drained and well-ventilated cowsheds for the cattle. Because they were goring each other in the struggle for existence, he put corks on the horns of the cattle, so that the wounds they gave each other might not be so serious. Then he reserved a part of the enclosure for the old bulls and the old cows over 70 years of age.

In fact, he did everything he could think of to improve the condition of the cattle, and when I asked him why he did not do the one obvious thing, break down the fence and let the cattle out, he answered: "If I let the cattle out, I should no longer be able to milk them."

—Tolstoy

the best part of themselves in a desk drawer.

It is in urging us to extend the grip of this administrative-managerial class over our land that all the warring politicians join hands. The right-wing parties propose to do it passively by letting present trends continue to take their stumbling but resolute course; the two left-wing choices would do it actively, but by cutting out one cancer and replacing it with another more widespread one. Put into effect next January, either the Socialist or Progressive platforms would spawn a huge new army of bright young government agents in tweeds or gabardine, eager to say yes to the powers above them.

Less Susceptible Bureaucrats?

Why Mr. Wallace or Mr. Thomas think that *their* bureaucrats would be any different from the ones that have marched before them through history, or that they themselves would be less susceptible to the corruptions of power (except perhaps temporarily) is an illusion that is hard to understand. "Nationalization," they cry! "To curb monopoly and return power to the people!" Has not the experience of the USSR blasted that myth? Nationalization not only does not guarantee democracy, but all current evidence indicates exactly the reverse. It is not who controls Bigness that matters; the very existence of such Bigness, and the power it requires of man over man, is the enemy.

The Progressive Party platform is a useful index of how the left-wingers propose to fight for the ostensible end of peace and freedom with means that can only advance us toward authoritarianism and slavery. (We here leave out of consideration all questions as to Mr. Wallace's sincerity, ability, naivete or Communist connections, and take the platform at face value.)

The Progressives offer us "Peace, Freedom and Abundance"; they promise to destroy big business monopoly, end racial prejudice and discrimination, stop the inflation, build 25,000,000 houses to live in, give the farmer a $3,000 minimum income, end the cold war, create equality of opportunity—ad infinitum.

Utopia By Legislation

It is all so simple—no sacrifices required, no embarrassing changes in your comfortable way of living. Simply give us your money now and your vote when November comes and we will inaugurate Utopia By Legislation. That the legislation proposed in almost no instance comes to grips with the basic causes of the evils that are to be wiped out is a small matter. There is no mention of abolishing inheritances or levelling incomes, without which any talk about equality of opportunity can be written off as campaign nonsense. Discrimination and segregation are to be abolished by a series of laws (including one which is a drastic and unconstitutional abridgement of free speech) as if the left-wingers had already forgotten the fate of such legislation as the 14th and 18th Amendments.

Laws do not change people very much; they rather reflect changes that must first be made by education, or they will be nullified, evaded or regurgitated. The chief lasting effect of such legislation is in the excuse it offers to increase the police force. "Jim Crow must go," yet the platform comes out for "progressive" capitalism (complete with "independent" business men),

a way of life whose inequalities breed prejudice as stagnant waters breed mosquitoes. "The root cause of this crisis," they say, "is big business control of our economy and government," a red herring which is not even a half truth, and which emphasizes the left-wing war chant that all that stands between us and Utopia are a few reactionary enemies like Wall Street, bigoted Southerners and Congressional Committees.

Vast Increase in Power

The price tag on this program is a high if hidden one. To initiate their reforms, the Progressives propose more than sixty specific measures whose effect will be a vast increase in the power of centralized Federal government. These include nationalization of key industries, TVAs "the country over," extension of Federal control over education, farming, labor, scientific research and fine arts, and eventual total Federal control of all social security. To control other people's excesses of power, we will take even greater power unto ourselves—this is the sum and total of the left-wing "solution" to the crisis.

This is in effect the doctrine of the elite, the same principle that guided the Russian Revolution, though as here proposed in much more sophisticated form. Its essence is that of a core of leaders from labor and the intelligentsia, who will be given (or take) control for the people and operate the government in their behalf. Even where there is no question as to the sincerity, ability and high-mindedness of the elite, what this method leaves out of consideration is, first, the demoralizing effect upon the people, and second, that no effective way has ever been found to prevent the corruption of power. Human history is a commentary upon Lord Acton's dictum, and this corrupting quality of power is a poison for which there is no antidote. Some people have more resistance to it than others, and can hold power while remaining disinterested for considerable periods of time. But such resistance is rare and impermanent, for the poison ultimately does its dirty work.

The Socialists, Progressives and left-wingers invite us to join them in treating the poisoned body of our society with an even larger dose of the same poison. We would do well, instead, to hearken to the one political slogan under which freedom can flourish—the less government, the better. Let us turn the tremendous advance of technology to the end of lessening the power of man over man, instead of making it the excuse to increase it. This means breaking up big business and big government, the corporation farm, and assembly-line manufacture and education.

Local, decentralized worker-controlled industries and farming cooperatives would distribute according to need and work together through loose voluntary federations. The alleged inefficiencies of such a productive system would be compensated a millionfold by increased human values, with man no longer chained to meaningless work under the power of an economic or governmental master. The result would be drastic reduction of government, for government serves the function, not of keeping order among equals (a very trifling task), but of maintaining that inequality which reserves for the few the skimmings of the cream.

"To put the world in order," Confucius said, "we must first put the nation in order; to put the nation in order, we must put the family in order; to put the family in order, we must cultivate our personal life; and to cultivate our personal life, we must set our hearts right." A free and peaceful world will be the product of free, peaceful and responsible individuals, families and communities. It cannot be imposed by legislation from on top, but must grow organically from the millions of individual components that make up humanity.

Freedom is the soil that alone can nurture such growth, and the means we use must be those which build such freedoms here and now, that develop the awareness of human brotherhood and the voluntary willingness to assume the responsibilities such brotherhood requires. We are not advancing toward that end by handing the nearest politician a blank check on what freedom we have remaining. The methods of power politics and the state, whether Republican or Socialist, can never develop the free, self-reliant individuality from which "Peace, Freedom and Abundance" can grow. You do not teach a man to walk by making him dependent upon a crutch, and men do not become free by letting the state take over more and more of their lives.

The poison of power is not an ally to be used and "controlled," but an uncompromising enemy. The free society is not the gift of the state, but can be won only by the destruction of the modern state, whether modelled after Truman, Thomas, Wallace or Stalin. The four-ring political circus now touring the land must not divert us from building freedom here and now—in ourselves, our families, our communities, and by attacking the Big State with the only weapons which at this late date make much sense: direct action and revolutionary noncooperation.

The Toy

He was a friendly five-year-old,
Appealing and gregarious,
Living a fruitful, adequate life,
Gathering us all in as friends,
With a "Hi there" or a hand wave,
As we passed by his house.

Now, since he is six,
His birthday come and gone,
His life is styled anew,
Damaged by the conscience of his parents.
All smiles, all words of friendship
Are repudiated.
Close to the walk,
Behind a flowering quince,
He lies in wait for us;

And, as we draw near,
His small trigger finger
Lets loose a burst of racket and flame
From his birthday tommy-gun.
Then, chest thrown out to a hostile world,
Independent of all friendship,
He points and shouts "You're dead,"
As we pass on.

It is a fascinating toy;
It throws a two-foot flame,
And instantly develops the mimic in a boy.

CARA B. DAWSON

The Bard and War

By CARL D. BENNETT*

D. B. HEMMEON'S SPECULATIONS on Shakespeare's attitude toward war[1] are interesting. But to show that Shakespeare through his creation John Bates, offered irrefutable arguments against war proves not at all that the playwright was a pacifist.

Recognition of war's illogicality has been recorded in our time, even among our professional soldiers. Reasoning men will ever admit in theory that brute force cannot prevail. That such admission constitutes pacifism is belied by the fact that those same men persist in their irrational trust in brute force.

But this is not to cavil at Mr. Hemmeon's theory. Perhaps Shakespeare *would* denounce war today. That he understood the nature of war is evident in passages ranging all the way from the cynical disaffection from patriotism seen in Falstaff's famous speech on Honor ("What is that word honour . . . . ? Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it?") to the bitter denunciation of Christian support of war found in Part Two of *King Henry IV*, Act IV.

True, here as well as in *Henry V* and in all his other plays, Shakespeare makes his characters speak in their own persons and, like Sir John Sack-and-Sugar, he would "give the devil his due." The capacious mind of Shakespeare could, for dramatic purposes, encompass the most sophistical defense—even the "motiveless malignity" of Iago. Why not, then, the reasoning of a pacifist if it were dramatically appropriate?

Thus the speeches of John Bates; thus the cynicism of Falstaff. And thus the denunciation of the Archbishop of York: The Earl of Westmoreland, loyal to the king, confronts Richard Scroop in the forests of York and rebukes him:

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

The Archbishop of York can reply with no better than a combination of the familiar arguments: choice of the lesser of two evils, and justification of one's own sins by the charge of blacker wickedness in one's enemies:

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

And he concludes with the pious hope that the conflict will

. . . establish here a peace indeed

---

* Associate Professor of English, Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

1 *Was Shakespeare A Pacifist?*, June 1948 FELLOWSHIP.

Concurring both in name and quality.

Later, Prince John of Lancaster, also loyal to the king, his brother, taunts Archbishop Scroop:

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an ironman,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.

* * *

O! who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable?

Of course neither Westmoreland nor Lancaster professed anything remotely resembling pacifism, but they saw clearly the difference between a "counterfeit zeal of God" and the gospel of the Prince of Peace. They recognized the inconsistency between their vocation of war and that of a churchman.

The dilemma remains with us today. It is not the cross of sacrificial Love that is shaped into the sword that seeks the death of an enemy.

What a pity that leaders of the Church cannot convert the Westmorelands and Lancasters of today. Instead, rationalizing their support of a "righteous" war, they fall into the error of Archbishop Scroop and lend the prestige and authority of the Church and, by blasphemous implication, the name of Jesus their Christ to the militaristic program of the State.

War Wears No Panoply of Armor Plate

War wears no panoply of armor plate,
His greaves and his cuirass are out of date.
A cutaway, immaculate striped pants,
Not cries of hate but crawling words like ants.
He yawns through speeches and is plainly bored,
He slays with pale statistics, not a sword.
He swings no hatchet through the dusty air,
But balances a bombsight by a hair,
And blasts a million souls to kingdom come,
Pressing a plastic button with his thumb.
A calm, controlled and antiseptic wrath
Breaks any gnat that settles in his path.
His polished shoes are innocent of mud,
He wades through red plush carpets, not through blood.
But see the sick, the starved with minds deranged,
And know that war is war and has not changed.

EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE

We Tried the United Front

By DOROTHY DETZER*

IT WAS WITH A GOOD DEAL of uncertainty that in the spring of 1934 I laid before the national board of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom a new request for cooperation. It was a request, however, which I was very eager that the board should grant. For I had been asked, as national secretary of the WIL, to join with the directors of three other groups in signing a "call" for a meeting to organize an American branch of the League Against War and Fascism. The three other co-signers were to be Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party; and J. B. Mathews, who later was to become an official of the American League, and still later, the secretary of the infamous Dies Committee . . . .

It seemed to me only intelligent for the WIL to join hands with all those forces marshaled against the banded power of war and fascism. But the board was not so easily convinced. The League Against War and Fascism contained a minority of Communists. Communists, the board pointed out, were not emancipated themselves from the evils of violence and oppression. I argued, however, that the WIL had worked unceasingly for the recognition of Soviet Russia, not because it shared Russia's political theories —far from it—but because the WIL believed that the United States should establish friendly diplomatic relations with de facto governments. Why then didn't it follow that as an organization we should establish friendly relations with de facto Communists? That was certainly a fallacious argument, but at the time, I was convinced of its logic.

After a great deal of discussion and many misgivings, the board finally granted me permission to sign the "call" for a meeting to form an American branch of the League Against War and Fascism. So the call went out over the signatures of that galaxy of strange bedfellows—Roger Baldwin, Earl Browder, J. B. Mathews, and me.

The meeting it projected brought together representatives from dozens of organizations and hundreds of trade unions. An American branch was duly organized, and plans laid for a congress to be held that fall in Madison Square Garden. This first organization meeting was followed by a series of conferences in preparation for that big event.

These conferences were quite different from those I was accustomed to attend. The order and complete democracy of the WIL and the peace movement were in direct contrast to the turbulent, boisterous sessions of the American League. It was somewhat disconcerting to discover that the Communists imagined that if five of them yelled louder than twenty other members of a subcommittee, the noise they made constituted an affirmative vote on a given ques-

* From Appointment on the Hill, by Dorothy Detzer. Reproduced by permission from Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1948, by Dorothy Detzer.

tion. Or that it was perfectly ethical to postpone a vote on a motion until most of the committee members present had to leave to catch trains. I was also both fascinated and appalled at the way their goose-step minds marched on each issue with the ordered, regimented precision of a Prussian army. But in spite of their tactics and their fettered mentalities, I was determined to learn how to work with them . . . .

Walking the Second Mile

To me this experiment in dealing with a difficult human relationship seemed to confirm my contention that all one had to do to work successfully with the "comrades" was to walk the "second mile." The firmness of this conviction was dented only by Norman Thomas.

I knew Norman well, and there were few men I admired more or whose good opinion I coveted so much. For to me, Norman Thomas stood as the finest product of American civilization. His intelligence, his sensitivity, his integrity, his moral energy and courage, his fine-tempered justice were all gifts used for the common good. If he was skeptical of cooperation with the Communists, I knew it was not just because of a conflict between socialist and Communist ideologies.

"Well, if you can work with them, fine," he had said to me. "But I shall be surprised if a person with your adherence to peace principles can long find common ground with those who adhere only to Soviet expediency. The Communists believe the end justifies the means; and you that the means shape the end. That's a pretty deep and fundamental cleavage."

Well, Norman might be right, but the pressure of my own work in Washington and the extra responsibility for the congress in New York left me little time just then to think this matter through. I did, however, make a mental note to tell Norman that after a stormy session of the League's executive, the Communists had been roundly defeated on a motion to bar from the congress sessions a trade union which they labeled a "Trotskyist-Lovestoneite cell." That certainly ought to convince Norman that the Communists, in spite of their adherence to Soviet dictation, could not dominate the congress. The rest of us could always outvote them.

The so-called Trotsky union was a big and important one, and, as the congress was to be strictly nonpartisan, every group was welcome but fascists. The Communists didn't take their defeat gracefully, but the vote was so overwhelmingly against them that they had to submit. Word was sent to the union that delegates would be welcomed at the opening of the congress the following day.

Madison Square Garden was jammed for the first session. It was a bit rowdy and unwieldy as mixed groups, numbering in the thousands, are apt to be. But the speeches were good, the audience responsive, and the spirit lively and keen.

At the second session we got down to the business. I sat with the executive on the platform. It was J. B. Mathews, I believe, who presided that day. The rules of order were adopted, committees appointed, and the report of the credentials chairman read. When the report had been completed, I realized—to my amazement—that the

controversial "Trotskyist union" had not been listed as one of the cooperating groups. At once, there were demands for explanation from the platform and from every part of the floor. The Communists blandly explained that they had ejected "those Trotskyist traitors" from the hall. In the pressure of arrangements, the Communists apparently had obtained control of the doors. I was enraged at this deliberate defiance of the executive's overwhelming vote, and in the ensuing hour of acrimonious debate I took the floor with a dozen others to denounce this breach of faith, and to call on the delegates to sustain, by a vote of confidence, the executive's control of the congress. The vote sustaining us was far more substantial than I had dared to hope. The chairman, therefore, ordered the guards at the door to admit the "Trotsky" union at once.

Signal for a Riot

After standing at the edge of the platform while the vote was taken, I resumed my seat at the back of the stage. A few chairs from me, Earl Browder sat calmly sharpening a pencil. At the far end of the hall, the doors were opening and amidst a mixture of welcomes and catcalls, the Trotskyist union filed in. Browder pocketed the pencil, folded his knife and then, rising to his feet, strolled slowly to the front of the stage. He stood for a moment, his shoulders drooped, his hands in his pockets, and gazed wearily out at the delegates. Then with a sudden movement of his arm he made a swift, circular motion. In less than an instant, the floor below swelled into a mass of shouting, rioting men. The Communist delegates, responding to what had obviously been a riot signal from Browder, had descended en masse on the unsuspecting Trotskyist union. With fists, with flying leaps, with rubber truncheons and mysteriously produced clubs, they swept in waves upon the entering file of delegates.

We Plead With Browder

For a moment I sat rooted with horror. The platform in front of me rose up like the deck of a moving ship while the stooped figure of Earl Browder whirled in a mist like a dervish. But outrage galvanized me into action. In one sickening heartbeat I crossed the stage to Earl Browder's side as Mary Fox closed in upon him from behind. She seized his right arm, as I grabbed his left.

"Give the signal to stop that fighting," we screamed in unison as we shook him. "Call them off!" "Stop it!" "Give the signal; do something." Our voices rose like thin whispers above the rioting stampede on the floor. Earl Browder, his arms pinned between us, stood inert as a trussed fowl.

"Give the signal! Give the signal!" we went on repeating. Browder might have been a stone for all the response we got. Not a muscle in his face moved. I turned in desperation to appeal to the other men on the platform, then realized that none was there. With the first burst of rioting, they had leaped to the floor to try to stop it. Mary Fox and I had been left alone on the platform with Earl Browder, and apparently Mary and I were the only ones who had seen that secret signal.

As I turned back to agitate his arm again, my eye fell on my new friend—the big, blond stevedore. With the deliberate movements of

a slow-motion picture, he was rising on a chair among the rioting men on the floor like a viking mounting a rock. With a roar, he raised his arm in the air, and with a swift swing of a chair rung laid open a "Trotskyist's" head. A new wave of sickness swept through me. Then I swung around, and with both hands knotted into fists, I beat against Earl Browder's chest. "Earl," I yelled, "give the signal, give the signal. You've got to do it —*please!* Earl, please!"

A spasm of pain broke across Browder's face. "All right," he said, "I'll do it if you'll just get off my feet."

Apparently with each blow on his chest I had, quite without knowing it, been tramping tattoos on his feet.

End of a Riot

Browder raised his arm, gave a short quick signal. The comrades reluctantly fell back, men began to pull themselves together, resume their seats. The beaten and bleeding men were helped to the rear. At the entrance to the hall, the doors burst open and a half dozen policemen swept in. There was a momentary commotion; the chairman rapped with his gavel; and the meeting was again in full swing.

I turned and felt my way toward the little stairway that led down from the back of the platform. If I didn't get out into the air at once I knew I'd be actively sick. I was halfway down the little staircase when I saw swaying toward me in a drunken rage one of the editors of the *Daily Worker*. I stopped where I was; perhaps I'd better return to the platform.

"You're a fine fascist," he bellowed as he reeled toward me. "Why did you have to go and stop a good fight? I'll show you," and with a stiff, straight arm he swung full at my shoulder. The force of the blow threw me off balance, and my heel, catching on the edge of the step, sent me sprawling full length to the floor below.

When I came to, a few minutes later, my head was pillowed on the knees of a "comrade doctor."

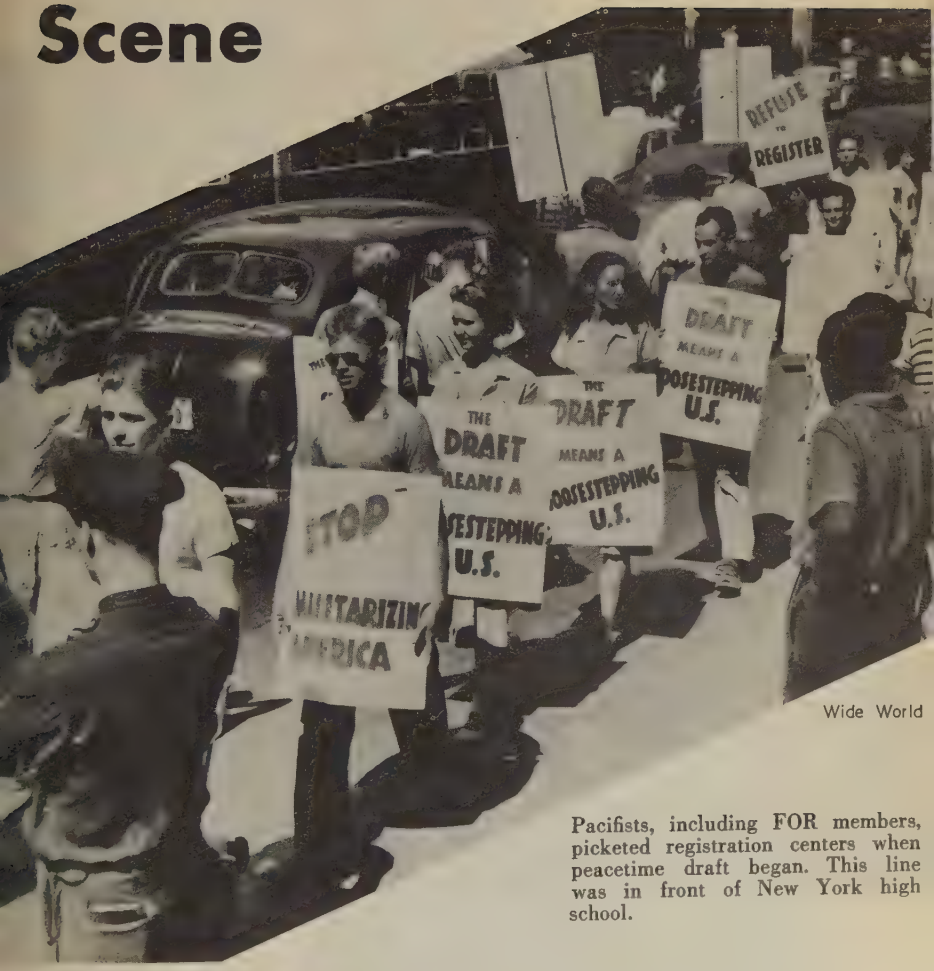
"You'll be all right," he assured me airily. "You mustn't pay any attention to him," and the doctor jerked his thumb toward the figure of my recent assailant pinned between two of his colleagues from "the Party."

The Basis of Cooperation

In 1937, the WIL withdrew from the American League Against War and Fascism. Rough treatment we could take, but the grossly distorted interpretation of the League's policies by the Communists made further "cooperation" impossible.

The hesitancy of the Board in joining the American League and Norman Thomas' doubts of our ability to find common ground with the Communists, were sound instincts. My judgment was wrong. Yet in spite of the outcome, I have never regretted that we attempted this cooperative undertaking. "All experience is an arch to build upon," and our experience with the Communists in the American League taught me that there is no basis for cooperative ventures where there is no basis of moral integrity. The clash of ideas, the conflict of thought can be healthy adjuncts to human effort, but only, I am now convinced, when they are secured by the veracity of the pledged word. Trust and good faith are the necessary underpinnings of cooperation.

The Pacifist Scene



Wide World

Pacifists, including FOR members, picketed registration centers when peacetime draft began. This line was in front of New York high school.

1. The draft is picketed . . .

. . . *and picketed!*

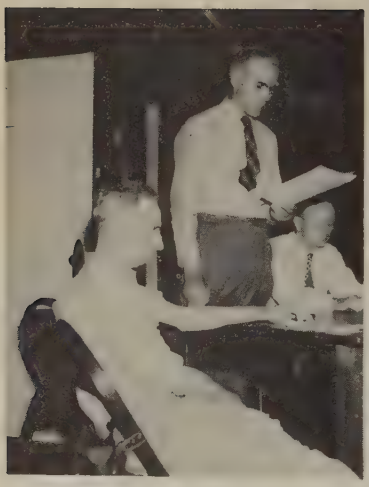
Wide World

Pacifists also joined in picket lines protesting against segregation in armed forces, and urging whites and Negroes alike to refuse to regist Picketing was sponsored by the nonviolent Campaign to Resist Milit Segregation, which claims a thousand pledged nonregistrants.

2. THE F. O. R. ANNUAL CONFERENCE

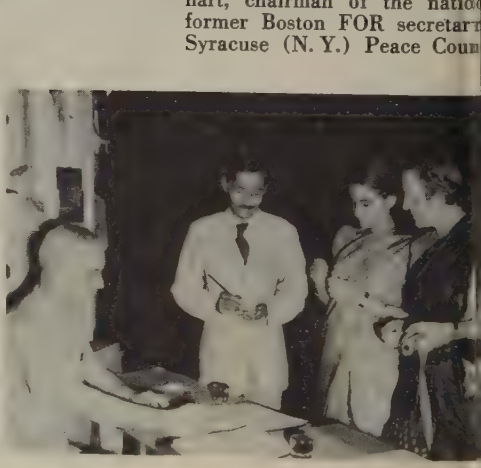
The Eastern half of the 1948 annual conference brought nearly 150 members to the Poconos during August's record-breaking heat (Aug. 24-29). Above, Walter Stark, of Michigan FOR, passes through camp entrance with Ruth Steenburgh, of the national office, Mrs. DeWitte Wyckoff, of Leonia, New Jersey, and Connie Muste, also from 2929. Below, Francis and Pearl Hall, of Mt. Morris House, New York, thumbed their way in.

People Ma



Jerome Davis, author, lecturer, discusses Russia while A. J. Muste and Arthur Swift wait turns

Discussing the next session Muste, secretary; John Swom hart, chairman of the natio former Boston FOR secretar Syracuse (N. Y.) Peace Coun



Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, close friend of Gandhi and former literary secretary to Tagore, registers with wife and daughter. He led morning meditations and joined panel on Russia.

Conference

re, in the usual order, A. J.
secretary; and Charles Igle-
ith them are George Paine,
an Whitney, secretary of the

Albert (Ab) Watson, former Canadian FOR secretary now in the Midwest office, talks with John Swomley.

H. F. Hancox, national membership and finance secretary, discusses local activities with Ralph Milligan, chairman of the Rochester group.

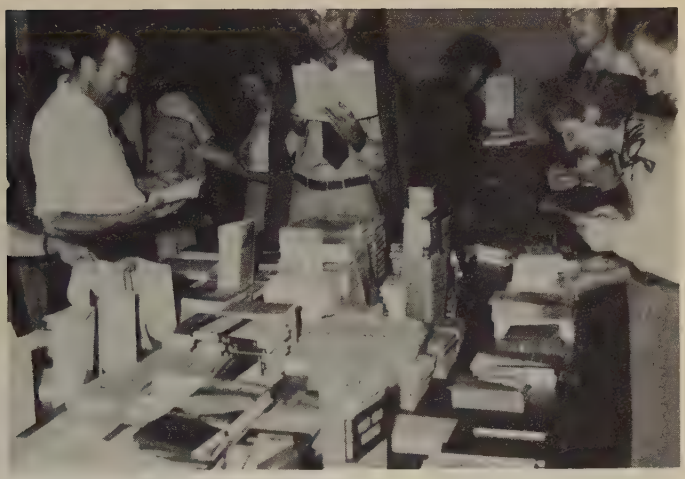
people at meetings . . .

Weather was perfect, and most meetings were held outdoors. This was a morning meditation, held each morning after breakfast for the entire group. Some delegates also met at other times in a program of meditation and fasting led by New York City cell in connection with beginning of registration for draft.

Lake was popular in 90-degree temperature. Softball, horseshoes, table tennis, also helped fill time.

. . . people having fun . . .

. . . *people browsing* . . .



Literature exhibit attracted FOR delegates and other campers alike. The partly decapitated gentleman in the center is Mr. Muste, reading, oddly enough, *Not By Might,* by A. J. Muste. On his left are Lowell Cantrell, Boston secretary, and Kay Juram, former Philadelphia secretary.

. . . *people sitting quietly* . . .

Three delegates seize a quiet few minutes to read, or to assimilate some of what they've heard.

. . people discussing world problem

Many conference-ites thought the best sessions of all were the small discussion groups and seminars that met each day of the conference. A dozen people, sitting in a quiet spot out of doors with a skilled leader, could really thrash some things out in a two-hour session.

It Was a Good Conference

The Camp Beaverbrook meetings were one of two 1948 FOR conferences*. Both conferences meant much to those who attended them, not alone because of the intellectual stimulation and new insights that came from the meetings, but because of the renewal of the sense of fellowship with other pacifists—the encouragement and reassurance so necessary in days like these. It is to be hoped that many more Fellowship members will plan to attend next summer.

* The Western conference, held at Estes Park, Colorado, came too late for pictures to appear in this issue—Ed.

VERA BRITTAIN'S

London Letter

SINCE I WROTE my last quarterly letter, international tension has again increased. So has the number of seekers after a way out. Apart from the Foreign Secretaries of the Great Powers and their envoys, all apparently determined to make no major concession, some groups whose philosophy gives more basis for hope have concerned themselves profoundly with the problems of our time.

At the Lambeth Conference, of which the deliberations were first made public on August 18, Archbishops and Bishops spent many hours considering public dilemmas without coming to any great constructive decision, such as the inclusion of war among those worldly sins with which the Church must make no compromise. To the American member of the FOR who listened with me to the broadcast sermon of the Archbishop of York at the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey which ended the Conference, a note of depression and even defeatism seemed to be dominant. We must accept the fact, said the Archbishop in effect, that God might not give his answer to men's prayers through the medium of the Church; our best hope of salvation lies in some virtual miracle, such as a new revelation of Christ. Does he really mean, my friend and I asked each other, that revelations of Christ have no connection with the conduct of men?

The Society of Friends, who held their 280th London Yearly Meeting in Edinburgh this summer to commemorate the tercentenary of the Scottish Quaker thinker Robert Barclay, confessed in less pessimistic terms their failure to suggest new corporate action to relieve the present bitterness between East and West. "In this time of crisis we have felt constrained to witness to our certainty of the power of God. . . . As we wait in holy expectancy we pray that the next step may be revealed to us."

Some of the foreign visitors to London this summer have expressed surprise at the capacity of the British for remaining relatively unmoved by tensions which are liable to shatter the nerves of more emotional peoples. Perhaps they forget that, in our island, the most earth-shaking events have a constant topical rival in the weather.

The growing food-consciousness of this country has become, in spite of prolonged rationing, less self-interested within recent years owing to a number of constructive influences. The Famine Relief Committee and Food Relief Campaign of the war years, which sought (successfully in the case of Greece) to persuade the National Government to send a limited quantity of food through the blockade to the occupied countries of the Continent, has been followed since September 1945 by Save Europe Now, with its program of aid to nine European countries, including Germany and Austria. One of our greatest humanitarians, Sir John

Boyd Orr, has carried on through his work for the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations a prolonged educational campaign showing the relationship between hunger and war. Finally, a newly informed interest in the food problems of the Far East has followed the liberation of India and Pakistan, which celebrated the first anniversary of their independence on August 15.

This year a mild winter and lovely spring promised us the best harvest in our history; the Ministry of Agriculture anticipated a yield of 19.7 hundredweight of wheat per acre, compared with 15.2 last year and an average of 18.7 over the past ten years. A cool early summer was redeemed by the last week of July, when the thermometer soared into the nineties and a sudden outburst of glorious sunlight ripened the corn.

But British harvests, unlike those of America, Australia, and New Zealand, remain a gamble till the final moment. Our climate, which broke several records by its succession of torrid days, decided that it was entitled to revert to type. Two weeks of lashing rain laid flat the golden fields; floods poured into Northumberland while Scotland abandoned hope. Then, over most of England, came strong drying winds interspersed with showers. The farmers and their neighbors, perpetually calculating whether this or that large field could be reaped before the next rainstorm, were not, I am convinced, thinking only of the British bread ration. It is hardly surprising that their exciting contest with the weather, which continues as I write, has deflected their thoughts from Moscow and Berlin.

But the hungry sheep of today desire more than physical food. Two recent London plays, of which the second is still drawing packed houses, showed not merely their desire for spiritual sustenance, but their tendency to seek it elsewhere than in churches which tell them that only a miracle can save them. Men and women born with free wills and brought up to exercise them, prefer to believe that they can contribute something to their own salvation. Hence the perennial attraction of Christian's characteristic journey through setback and calamity to the Celestial City of Bunyan's Dream.

"Pilgrim's Progress"

In July the 250th birthday of the S.P.C.K. was celebrated by the performance, for a fortnight only, of the *Pilgrim's Progress* at Covent Garden Opera House. There our friend Muriel Lester overheard a conversation between two playgoers, of whom the first could not accept the idea of the great Puritan allegory being enhanced by the Covent Garden Choir and Ballet. "If Bunyan knew, he would turn in his grave!" she exclaimed indignantly. "But perhaps, my dear," responded her companion soothingly, "he has moved with the times."

On account of my current book, *In the Steps of John Bunyan*, I was determined to see this performance in which Robert Speight played the part of Christian and the music was arranged by Sir Malcolm Sergeant. Though seats mostly costing over a guinea each were sold out almost immediately for the whole fortnight to playgoers anxious to find a way to the City of God through our own Valley of Shadows, I managed to find a modest place close to the stage, and was well rewarded by the life and

beauty which music and dancing added to the familiar story. How well Vanity Fair lent itself to the utmost extravagances of ballet; how realistic were the hobgoblins capering around Appolyon in the Valley of Humiliation; how sweet the song and dances of the shepherds in the Delectable Mountains! I hope that this too brief run of a wonderful performance will be repeated, in New York and the Dominions as well as in London.

The other play, Aldous Huxley's *The Gioconda Smile*, seems more certain to find its way overseas. Here a well-constructed thriller, which makes excellent theatre and has been received with acclamation, reaches distinction thanks to Huxley dialogue and the Huxley philosophy. Most significant for me was the final curtain, which comes not long after the doctor in the story has explained to the hero, unjustly condemned to be hanged and violently resentful of his fate, that the unembittered acceptance of suffering develops the power to conquer it, and that injury is a spiritual privilege which must precede the lesson of forgiveness.

At that final curtain the players of the leading parts received their due meed of applause. But the most enthusiastic ovation greeted the appearance of the doctor, whose part was one of the less conspicuous. Like the hero of the play facing death on the scaffold, his audience recognized their own need for a philosophy of life.

Someone

Listen, captain, tighten your puttees;
command your feet to go:
four conscripts have broken loose—
Gandhi, Tolstoy, Someone, and Thoreau.

Forward, captain, you must catch these boys;
track them through the snow;
three of them we know,
but Someone is at large
plotting sabotage.

That's all. Here's your sword.
Quiz every man in ranks.
Ask. "Are you Someone?"
If he answers. "No, just George,"
go on.
If he says yes, report him.
Our bombs and such,
they won't mean much
while Someone is at large.

WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

News from the Peace Front

Fellowship 1948 Conferences Bring 300 to Mountain Camps

Among the cool, shaded glades and winding paths of Pocono Pines and the steep trails with their views of snow-capped mountains in Estes Park, FOR members gathered in late August and early September this year for the annual conferences.

The day began, at each of the conferences, with a service after breakfast. At the Eastern conference the morning worship was led by Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, former literary secretary to Tagore and friend of Gandhi, who is to teach at Howard University this fall. Dr. Chakravarty, who has a background in a very different and distant culture and whose experience is wide, gave his hearers a sense of the community of all men. His talks brought out the fundamentals in which "humanity is one," and gave a philosophical background and basis to the discussions and speeches that followed.

Discussion Groups

After morning worship the conferences scattered to discussion groups to talk over the major tension points and chief problems in the world situation and, on different days, how to deal with Russia, with war and nationalism, with the draft and militarization, and with the spiritual deficit in the world. In the East groups were led by Charles Iglehart, Norman Whitney, Arthur Swift, Ab Watson and A. J. Muste, and in the West by Byron Johnson of Denver University, Cecil Hinshaw, President of William Penn College, Glenn Smiley, Orval Etter and A. J. Muste. In the afternoon seminars were held on the family, direct action, pacifism and students, and pacifism and the churches.

Eastern Conference

The morning ended with an assembly of the whole group for singing, reports from abroad, announcements, and staff reports. George Hogle, just back from two years in Europe, the second with Wilhelm Mensching in Germany, was present at both conferences and reported on the situation in Germany and the work of the FOR there. The FOR leadership is of very high calibre in central and western Europe, and the people, he believes, ready to listen to the message of pacifism. Albert Simon reported on the desperate situation of Hungary, Emily Parker Simon on the food parcels campaign, Mildred Fahrni, new Canadian FOR Secretary, on greater cooperation between the two countries, and Esther Rhoads on the plight of the Japanese and the reorganization of the FOR in Japan.

On Wednesday Jerome Davis, A. J. Muste and Dr. Chakravarty participated in a round table on Russia. Dr. Davis called attention to the devastation suffered by Russia, and her treatment by other countries, and while admitting she had many faults pointed out that other nations have too. Mr. Muste

called for a recognition of the seriousness of the problem, pointing out the determination and vested interest of the Russian regime and of dominant elements here; the gulf between the basic Stalinist conception of the state as the reason for the individual, as against the democratic concept of the sacredness of the individual for which the institution exists; and the gravity of the power struggle, extending all over the earth, though both nations possess instruments of mass destruction. Dr. Chakravarty presented the problem as it is looked at from Asia, recognizing the tremendous material strides taken in Russia but fearing that this very emphasis on materialism would be its downfall. He suggested that a campaign in this country to outlaw the atomic bomb would allay Russia's fear and relieve the tension of the cold war.

COs and the Draft

On Thursday Julien Cornell, A. J. Muste and Arthur Swift discussed the CO and the draft. Cornell said nonregistration is a negative act and not enough, advocating positive action and education by the pacifist movement. Muste took the absolutist nonregistrant position and urged it for others. Far from creating anarchy he said the nonregistrants seek to "stay the sweep of chaos" at a period in our history as decisive as the advent of Hitler in Germany. Swift, while upholding the right of conscience, emphasized the values accruing to the individual from his relation to the group, and the obligations of the individual to the group. He turned the question "How shall we deal with our government?" around to "How shall our government deal with us?" and felt that under our democratic, if imperfect, system we should work for the repeal of laws we dislike.

Statistics

	Pocono	*Estes*
Attendance ...	135	153
Offering and pledges to work of FOR	$830	$1060
Sale of literature	$200	$ 340

Friday evening at Pocono Professor Nels Ferré of Andover Newton Theological School spoke on "A Theology for Pacifist Action," which he defined as "practical thinking on ultimate issues that leads to the exercising of effective influence for peace." He said that mere nonviolence is not enough, for all power is of God, delegated to us, and on our present level of development we must accept the responsible reality of constructive force. History moves also on the redemptive level, and we should be a creative minority anticipating the new community which God wants to bring about. We need a humble confession today that whatever good there is is not in ourselves. Let us give to the world a demonstration of what can be real when God takes hold of us.

The Sunday morning sermon was preached by Dr. Iglehart.

Estes Park Conference

At the Estes Park conference Cecil Hinshaw led the morning devotions, taking as a theme that the winning of large numbers to pacifism and the nation to unilateral disarmament was a possibility if we have the faith to undertake it.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Philip Morrison, atomic scientist who was

head of the Hiroshima Bombing Survey which went to Japan to study the effects of the bombing, spoke of the extent to which militarization has taken place in this country, not only in the field of research and the passage of conscription, but, for example, in the fact that about 50 per cent of the production of tools and precision instruments is now devoted to war purposes. He emphasized the fact that scientists have a more direct responsibility for their discoveries now, since the time factor has changed. It took fifty years or more before some of Farraday's basic ideas were applied, but it was only ten years from the time when Fermi made certain basic discoveries about the fission of the atom before it was applied in the pile at the University of Chicago. On the other hand, the world is now much more complex, and in the event of war everything is geared so completely into the war machine that it is difficult to fix responsibility.

"Through Russian Eyes"

In the discussion of Russia on Wednesday evening Byron Johnson gave a witty presentation of the history of the United States as it must look to a Russian or some other non-American, with such incidents as the invasion of Canada in the War of 1812, the Civil War, which up to that time was the bloodiest in history, the war with Mexico, the annexation of Hawaii, and so on. Dr. Morrison analyzed the inept and dogmatic way in which the United States presented its atomic energy plan, such as putting it in the hands of Bernard Baruch, whose close ties with Churchill were sure to make the Russians suspicious, and presenting it as a whole which the Russians had to accept or reject *in toto*. Mr. Muste participated in both these round tables, as he had at Poconos.

On Sunday Cecil Hinshaw preached on the text, "Thy Will Be Done," emphasizing that the basic difference in life arises out of whether one says *my* will or *Thy* will be done.

Sidelights

The advent of peacetime conscription now in this country is the same kind of decisive step as the advent of Hitler in Germany.—*A. J. Muste.*

* * *

An FOR softball team played and lost to a Beaverbrook Camp team twice, the second time by the narrow margin of 7-5. Our John Swomley came through as a very flashy first baseman.

* * *

"When it comes to the fundamental concepts, humanity is one."—*Chakravarty.*

* * *

Overheard at Estes: "Is it true that A. J. Muste has only two speeches?" "I've heard about that other speech. Is there anything to it?"

* * *

"Before long the pacifist slogan will be 'I'm against the stockpiling of bows and arrows.'"—*Richard van Nort.*

* * *

The FOR ball team did better at Estes, defeating a CIO group 21-11.

* * *

"I am not the kind of Christian who makes Christ a problem instead of a power."—*Ferré.*

America's Second Peacetime Draft Brings Varied Pacifist Protests

Many Cities See Draft Boards Picketed

Registration centers for the Selective Service Act of 1948 in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Columbus, some towns in Puerto Rico, and other cities in the United States were picketed on Monday, August 30 when registration began. In many cities the picketing went on longer as registration continued.

In New York, members of the Campaign to Resist Military Segregation paraded in front of Haaren High School urging men to refuse to register in a jimcrow army. Before Washington Irving High School forty members of Peacemakers urged refusal to register and a halt to the militarization of America. Also in New York representatives of the Progressive Party picketed registration places telling men to register but to help repeal the draft. There was no violence in connection with any of these demonstrations. Bayard Rustin and James Peck were arrested Friday night, September 3 on a charge of disorderly conduct while speaking at a streetcorner meeting and subsequently sentenced to 15 days in jail.

In Boston, by contrast, picketers were pelted with eggs and tomatoes, their signs torn up and their leaflets destroyed. On Wednesday the Reverend Lowell Cantrell, Boston FOR secretary, was arrested for "loitering" when he failed to obey a police order to leave the neighborhood after such a demonstration. Also arrested were two Progressive Party men. Cantrell was arrested again on Thursday, when the Reverend George Carpenter was also arrested.

One of the tomatoes found its mark on Boston Police Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan "who at the time," the N. Y. *Star* reports, "was just an innocent bystander."

In Philadelphia posters and leaflets carried by pickets were also destroyed.

Mourning for Draft Asked by Ministers

On August 9 a statement signed by more than 100 clergymen was released, calling on American churches to observe August 22 as a day of mourning for the "dangerous and iniquitous measure" of peacetime conscription. While they could not go so far as do the more than 300 clergymen who shortly before had urged young men to refuse to register, these clergymen indicated their support of "whatever may be the course which they are conscientiously impelled to follow." The statement also called for a campaign for early repeal of the draft act.

Signers of the statement included Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Donald Cloward of the Northern Baptist Convention, Bishop W. E. Hammacker, Methodist, of Denver, and Dean Walter G. Muelder of Boston University School of Theology.

Teacher: B. S. Educ. Teach mentally Retarded, or normal, superior. Over two yrs. institution experience and Public school. 29 yrs., married, ex-CPS. Robert Holzhauer, 1303 N. Cass, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

CCCO Will Counsel Those Opposing Draft

Men who refuse to register for the draft, or who fall outside the narrow definition of a CO embodied in the Selective Service Act 1948, will be able to secure counsel and assistance from the newly-formed Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, it was announced on August 24 by Caleb Foote, former Northern California Secretary of the FOR and twice imprisoned as a CO in World War II, who is Secretary of the Committee.

The National Service Board for Religious Objectors, formed during the war to counsel COs and still continuing its work, will handle the cases of men who seek recognition under the Act and who fall within its provisions. The CCCO, in addition to the functions mentioned in the first sentence of this article, will try to secure the release of any CO inducted into the army by accident or through ignorance, will work for the release of any imprisoned objector who wishes its aid, and to secure such prisoners as many human rights as possible while they are confined; and will carry on education, set up local counseling agencies, secure lawyers and bail, etc.

The general division of the types of cases to be handled by the two agencies has been agreed upon through discussion between them. Each agency will refer men to the other if they seem to fall more under its jurisdiction. However, any CO who specifically prefers to be serviced by one or the other of the agencies will be, whatever his case may be.

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors is at 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania, and the National Service Board is at 941 Massachusett Avenue N.W., Washington 1, D. C

Bromley Preaches Against Registration

Preaching a guest sermon in the Nassau (N. Y.) Methodist Church on August 22, just eight days before registration for the peacetime draft was to begin, the Reverend Ernest R. Bromley, FOR member and a Methodist minister, called on young men to refuse to register. Mr. Bromley was one of the more than 300 ministers who in July signed the "Letter to American Christians of Draft Age" urging young men to refuse to register and their families, friends, and girl friends to support them in so doing. For either one of these acts Mr. Bromley could probably be prosecuted under the Selective Service Act as one who "knowingly counsels, aids or abets another to refuse or evade registration. . . .", as of course Mr. Bromley is aware.

On August 24 Brigadier General Ames T. Brown, N. Y. State Director of Selective Service, telegraphed the U. S. Attorney in Syracuse to "investigate and take appropriate action." The Attorney, Irving I. Higbee, said he had received the communication and had requested the FBI to find out exactly what Mr. Bromley had said.

In connection with the statement of the 300 ministers Col. Candler Cobb, N. Y. City Director of Selective Service, said no action was contemplated against them at this time. He said that probably action would be brought only in the event that a youth refusing to register named one of the ministers as the person who had prompted his refusal.

Brethren Youth Ask Service

At the Tonganoxie Peace Institute of the Brethren at the end of June a groundswell of opinion among the youth broke out in a memo asking the Brethren Service Commission to give them service projects, to which many want to give some time. The young people suggested particularly that service projects among Negroes in the South should be set up, one at least a rural one, and urged "that this project be set up in such a way as to give Brethren Youth the opportunity of service to our Negro brethren and also as a testimony of our peaceful way of life."

The young people announced that eight of their number were ready to start work on such a project in September, and that nineteen others would give a year of service within the next two years.

Within three weeks the Brethren Service Commission was at work trying to set up such service projects, one among southern Negroes, one in Texas with Mexicans, one with Navajo Indians, and others. The Commission planned also to continue its recently initiated peace caravans.

Quakers Reaffirm Anti-War Stand

At a nationwide meeting of Friends, called at Richmond, Indiana, July 20-22 by the American Friends Service Committee, the Friends General Conference and the Friends Five-Year Meeting, Friends were exhorted to adhere to their testimony against war and conscription. The statement begins by quoting from a Declaration presented by George Fox and others to Charles II of England in 1660, which reads in part:

"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatever; this is our testimony to the whole world . . . . and we certainly know and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us unto all truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the Kingdom of Christ, or for the kingdoms of this world. . . . Therefore we cannot learn war any more."

The Richmond statement urges support of young Friends and others who refuse to register or who register as COs, warmly approving the method of civil disobedience as fully in keeping with the history and practices of Friends. It urges Friends to refrain from any business or profession which contributes to the military system, to consider carefully the implication of paying taxes when a large proportion goes for military purposes, to ask Quaker schools and colleges to refuse military units and subsidies, to advise young Friends in other institutions to decline to accept military training, "to create a home and family atmosphere in which the ways of love and reconciliation are so central that the resort to violence in any relationship is impossible," and to help build a peaceful world in every way possible.

Finding a German child for adoption is difficult, an FOR member here has found, because most children are suffering so seriously from war-caused troubles that they are "unadoptable."

Randolph Withdraws from Anti-Jimcrow League

Giving as his reasons the President's Executive Order of July 26 which called for equality of treatment and opportunity in the armed forces, and the President's assurance to him personally that the Order aimed at the eventual end of segregation, A. Philip Randolph on August 18 announced that he was abandoning the campaign among Negroes for civil disobedience to the draft. When the Order was originally issued, Randolph, as Chairman of the League for Non-Violent Civil Disobedience Against Military Segregation, declared it a move made for political purposes, deliberately calculated to obscure the issue of segregation.

At that time also, Bayard Rustin, Executive Co-Secretary of the League, declared that the Order was intended to split the movement and make Negroes believe they had won a victory, while in fact nothing had been gained.

Since that time, however, Randolph has apparently become convinced that something has been gained, and that the end of segregation in the armed forces is in view. With him in his withdrawal was Grant Reynolds, World War II chaplain and on the Executive Committee of the League, also the Chairman of the Committee Against Jim Crow in Military Training and Service.

However, other members of the Executive Council of the League, including Conrad Lynn, now acting chairman, Erna Harris, A. C. Thompson and William Lloyd Imes, at the same time made known their determination to carry on the campaign to the fullest possible extent. They declared their conviction that the Order, which does not outlaw segregation but calls for equality of treatment, was not a victory and would mean continued segregation. They stated that over 1,000 young men of draft age had already pledged themselves to the campaign, and declared that they felt obligated to support such young men. For this purpose they have founded the Campaign to Resist Military Segregation.

Gift Literature Project Snowed Under

The Gift Literature campaign undertaken to send books and pamphlets to key libraries and to individuals in desperately underprivileged countries, was snowed under in May by hundreds of letters from Germany. An item had found its way, slightly garbled, into a Hamburg newspaper which gave the Fellowship's name and address and said that books on various subjects would be sent free to those requesting them. People wrote asking for everything from the world almanac to books on biology, law and medicine.

When this happened, the money appropriated for the program had already been spent, although individual gifts from this country were still coming in from time to time. The Literature Secretary, Grace Rhoads, was forced to fill the few requests she could and write notes of explanation to the others.

A poll of students at Yenching University in China, taken early this year, showed that 90 per cent disapproved of the Nationalist government and 95 per cent opposed the Communists.

Hancox Leaves National Office

After three and a half years in the exacting position of Secretary of Finance and Membership of the National FOR, H. F. Hancox left in September for the sake of his and Mrs. Hancox's health. They moved, with their daughter Charlotte, to Tucson, Arizona, to take advantage of the hot, dry climate there.

H. F. came to the National Office on January 1, 1945, having been Director and Dean of the YMCA College in Chicago, and then for eight years Editor of Laidlaw Brothers. The newly-created Finance and Membership position entailed concentration on the raising of money and the finding of new members, as well as the servicing of the existing membership. This included overseeing the files and record-keeping and the transition, with the growth and increasing complexity of the organization, to a new system of records of membership.

H. F. was instrumental in setting up the joint fund-raising system, now in its third year, which was adopted in New York, Chicago, Boston and twelve other cities and states. The plan was initiated to combine the fund-raising efforts of the national and the city FOR in each of those cities, to save money and effort on fund-raising, to take advantage of the personal visitation idea for raising money, which is widely and successfully used in churches, and to cut down on the duplication of appeals.

The good wishes and friendship of the FOR staff and Executive Committee members and others with whom he worked go with H. F. in his new activities.

Puerto Rican FOR Branch Organized

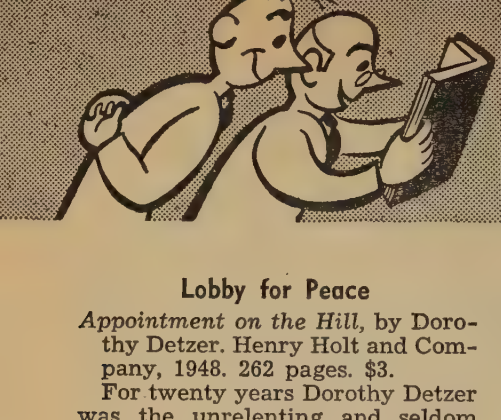
With headquarters in Santurce, Lillian and Bob Pope have organized a branch of the Fellowship in Puerto Rico. The San Juan newspaper *El Mundo* carried the story on July 31, with a very full account of the aims and principles of the organization, and giving as one of its purposes advice to conscientious objectors to the draft law, which of course applies in Puerto Rico as well as in the States.

Committee to Rebuild Kagawa Settlement

The war-destroyed Shinkawa settlement in the Kobe slums, founded in 1908, the first social welfare project undertaken by Toyohiko Kagawa, will be rebuilt by a fund raised in this country if present plans go through. Dr. Kagawa is 60 years old this year, and the settlement was founded 40 years ago. The committee will raise $60,000, and when it is rebuilt the settlement will house a church, a nursery, clubrooms, a medical clinic, a cooperative store, and credit union offices.

Sponsors of the project include Bishop Scarlett, E. Stanley Jones, Walter Van Kirk and other outstanding leaders.

Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, FOR member, has resigned as president of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School because of ill health. His successor is Dr. Wilbour Eddy Saunders, for the past thirteen years headmaster of the Peddie School, who will assume his new duties about the first of the year.



Books

Lobby for Peace

Appointment on the Hill, by Dorothy Detzer. Henry Holt and Company, 1948. 262 pages. $3.

For twenty years Dorothy Detzer was the unrelenting and seldom stilled voice of peace on Capitol Hill. Miss Detzer was a Washington lobbyist, representing the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. It was her job to buttonhole Senators and Congressmen, exert the pressures of public opinion, write bills and resolutions for others to introduce and feed news tips to journalists. It was hard, satisfying work. Her blow-by-blow account of those twenty years makes a book that is as inspiring in some parts as it is disheartening in others. Pacifists who want the facts of political life should read it.

Dorothy Detzer was not born of a pacifist family. The gassing of a favorite brother in World War I made her hate war, and relief work with the Quakers in Austria and Russia after that war made her appreciate the "more excellent way." She puts it well herself by saying, "I began to realize that peace was not a dead-end street; a static state; some Shangri-La of an adolescent fantasy. Peace was also a process—a difficult, arduous, endless process; and the power of its moral validity might yet reclaim the last desert place of man's experience."

Miss Detzer concerned herself with many things during her career as national secretary for the WIL. She struggled for the "Haitianization" of the Haitian government and the end of American exploitation of Liberia. She worked to promote the welfare of Southern tenant farmers, urged economic measures to help the hunger-marchers of the depression years and pulled strings to get visas for anti-fascist refugees in Europe. But her primary concern was the abolition of wars, and her book carries the reader through the political ins-and-outs of the withdrawal of the Marines from Nicaragua, the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932, this country's utterly opposing policies toward the Sino-Japanese war and the Spanish Civil war, the memorable Nye investigation of the armaments industry, and the political double-talk that surrounded this country's preparations for World War II while praising peace and non-interference.

The reader is introduced by Miss Detzer to some memorable figures: Senators Borah, Nye and Taft, Hoover, F.D.R., Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, Drew Pearson and others. She saw them all and argued with most of them. And she tries to glamorize neither them nor her work. The game of politics is hardly a gentlemanly sport, and Miss Detzer played it to win. When she was trying to corral sufficient votes to block a bad bill she did

not let it disturb her that the Congressmen on "her side" were not motivated by the same generous principles. Congressmen, good and bad, were means to an end.

Several things stand out in *Appointment on the Hill.* One is Miss Detzer's appreciation of the workings of democracy. She is rightly impressed by the fact that the doors of the top men in the Government stood open for her, the representative of a minority, and at times extremely unpopular, point of view. She is also impressed by the weight that public opinion carries on Capitol Hill. There are several passages in her book which should buck up those workers for peace who feel that their letters and telegrams have little effect. Of course, there are other groups who are blanketing Congress with letters of converse opinion, and Miss Detzer tells of these groups, too.

In this day of conflicting ideologies one cannot omit mention of Miss Detzer's first and last attempt to work with Communists. She was one of the co-founders with Earl Browder and others of the American League Against War and Fascism, now at the head of the Attorney General's "Red" list. Miss Detzer's experiences (reprinted elsewhere in this issue) make harrowing reading.

She sums up her disillusionment by saying "our experience with the Communists in the American League taught me that there is no basis for cooperative ventures where there is no basis of moral integrity. The clash of ideas, the conflict of thought can be healthy adjuncts to human effort, but only, I am now convinced, when they are secured by the veracity of the pledged word."

—EDGAR L. JONES

Pamphlet Review

Still No Amnesty. Committee for Amnesty, March 1947. 20 pp. 10c.

Reviews the history of the fight for amnesty, analyzes the report of the President's Amnesty Board and the pardons granted by President Truman in great and interesting detail, and urges further action in the fight for a genuine amnesty.

The Wisdom of Henry George, excerpts from the writings of Henry George. E. Haldeman-Julius, 1947. 26 pp. 25c.

Some short and some long, these excerpts present Henry George's philosophy in his own words. If George's philosophy is one of the things you have always intended to explore but never got around to, this will be a good way to begin.

Toward Mutual Understanding: The Story of UNESCO. Unitarian Commission on World Order, September 1947. 20 pp. 10c.

An introduction to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, telling how it began, what its purposes are, and giving the highlights of its program. A discussion outline and selected bibliography are included.

C. M.

The Christian Position . . .
Still the most effective single book for presenting the scriptural basis for pacifism:
The New Testament Basis of Pacifism
By G. H. C. Macgregor
.50
Fellowship Publications
2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y.

Letters

Socialist Plea

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I assume that most FELLOWSHIP readers will vote for Norman Thomas and Tucker Smith this year since their party comes closest to the pacifist approach and their program is the only consistent program for peace proposed by political parties this year.

Tucker Smith, the vice-presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, is a member both of the FOR and WRL. While some would not consider him an absolutist pacifist he told me that he has never found a war which he could support. Another pacifist, Roy McCorkle, was nominated for vice-president but declined.

Darlington Hoopes was elected national chairman of the Socialist Party. He is a strong pacifist, a Quaker, FOR and WRL member and was the Party's vice-presidential candidate in 1944, in the middle of the war.

Norman Thomas, though he did give critical support to the last war, is still considered by many people to have been anti-war because of his denunciation of "unconditional surrender," the Yalta, Potsdam and Teheran deals, and the lack of peace terms on which to negotiate. The Socialist Party did not support the war.

The 1948 Platform of the SP states that a third world war would complete the ruin of mankind. Its peace program of universal disarmament, opposition to all imperialism (Russian, U.S., etc.,), condemnation of the Truman doctrine, UMT and the draft, and endorsement of economic aid to Europe's democracies, can be supported wholeheartedly by pac ifists.

A "Pacifists-for-Thomas" committee i in the process of formation at the SI office, 303 4th Ave., NYC. Supporters o Thomas include John Haynes Holmes Bayard Rustin, George Houser, Constanc Muste, Rabbi Hoffman, Phillips Elliot and (despite his *Progressive* article) Milton Mayer.

Pacifists who reject both warmonger ing and appeasement can best vote fo peace by endorsing Norman Thomas an Tucker Smith.

JOHN M. MECARTNEY
Columbus, Ohio

Risk Something Now

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

When the FOR Tax Committee met in May to discuss polling the membership on the withholding question, it approved draft of a questionnaire which competent ly explained the situation and set out th issues involved. The supplement to th Midyear Report, which was actually sen to the membership, in no way resemble the draft approved, and in our opinion i inadequate. Committee members wer polled by mail concerning the change and we were told that if any member had serious objections, the original draf would be used. We had serious objec tions and expressed them to the staff, bu they were ignored.

It seems to us that the issue is no whether pacifists "will win greater re spect if the Fellowship strives to be a consistent as possible in this dilemma . . . . " The issue is: Will the Fellow

ship and its members continue to talk about sacrificing all for peace while they play safe, or will they risk just a little to demonstrate their convictions? It is a good thing for us to go around the country urging 18-year-olds to refuse to register; it may even be a brave thing. But there won't be many 18-year-olds who will refuse. If we want resistance to war, we'll have to provide it ourselves or quit talking about it.

We appreciate the sincerity of those members who want to preserve the FOR at all cost. But we have been assuming that FOR members believe that he who loses his life shall find it. If we are not willing to risk something now for war resistance, when will we be ready?

The integrity of the FOR is at stake on this issue.

MARION AND ERNEST BROMLEY
Nassau, New York

Answer to "Anarchy"

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

James K. Allen's letter in the July issue of FELLOWSHIP is a challenge to those of us who have endeavored to stir public concern over the militarization of the United States through the device of withholding the military portion of the income tax.

His arguments are interesting, though not convincing. He describes tax refusal as a form of anarchy, though to many of us the danger of anarchy from tax refusal appears no greater than was that of socialism prophesied by the conservatives as arguments against the income tax. We now have the income tax, but we also still have the Profit System, known as "Free Enterprise."

I too believe in the importance of open, rather than indirect and hidden taxation; and I heartily agree that the income tax should be increased better to provide for the general social welfare. But I also believe that our acceptance of responsibility toward law and government which James Allen stresses, includes responsibility for the character of that law and government —responsibility more effective than mere verbal protest against iniquitous laws. In a time of crisis like the present it is our duty as sovereign citizens to defend our country not only with protest but with our lives, if necessary, against military enslavement and the possible annihilation implicit in atomic and bacterial warfare. In the brief time at our disposal, protest is not enough; if we are to assume real responsibility, we must *act* in a manner simple and clear enough to be understood and to arouse the public conscience. The refusal of military taxation seems to be such a form of action.

CAROLINE FOULKE URIE
Yellow Springs, Ohio

. . . . Mr. James K. Allen, in his letter on tax refusal supports the income tax as the most idealistic tax. He passes lightly over Henry George's proposal to tax land values as "right for the Victorian Era, but not for the Twentieth Century, which has invaded the domain of alchemy and has established a realm of value not connected with land."

The income tax (together with all other taxes) forces producers to pay the cost of government. More than the other taxes, because it is graded, the income tax destroys the incentive to produce. The greater the return, which, it must always be presumed (we have no right to presume otherwise), is an equivalent for services rendered, the greater the proportion taken by the government.

RICHARD T. HALL
Boston, Massachusetts

. . . . Most of us have helped spread the notion that the elder militarists are always willing to send off another crop of youth to a war. Too few of us, I suspect, have detected a similar tendency in our own group. As a corollary to the popular idea that the elder militarists should be

compelled to fight the wars, does not tax refusal offer to elder pacifists the opportunity to prove their readiness to go outside the pale along with their less fortunate brethren who have found themselves (and soon will again) face to face with General Hershey?

STANLEY R. GOULD
Three Rivers, Calif.

. . . . Congratulations to my friend James K. Allen who sees clearly the implications of anarchism in a refusal to pay taxes, which many tax refusers do not yet see.

Why should a pacifist refuse to serve in the military and refuse to buy guns and bombs for others to so serve and then have any respect for that agency whose main business is war and murder?

With the return of evil for evil and consequent denial of the Sermon on the Mount in legislatures, courts and prisons and when, whoever is elected, the Big Brass is in control, it has again come the time when according to Henry David Thoreau, non-tax-payer of a century ago:

"How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. . . . Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters, and so frequently the most serious obstacles to reform."

Hidden taxes paid on a loaf of bread (providing you do not bake your own) cannot be helped, but no one has to pay an income tax. Perhaps he may have to change to a job where no withholding tax is taken, or if threatened with a garnishee of farm wages will have to work by the day so that no garnishee can be effected, but surely one ought to be able to suffer some inconvenience for one's belief.

AMMON A. HENNACY
Phoenix, Arizona

You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop

Nels Ferre had his fascinated audience glued to its collective chair at the Eastern Conference when he spoke on "A Theology of Pacifist Action." You could have heard a pin drop—but not one of the new FOR pins, which have a safety clasp and are guaranteed not to drop—not if you've put them on right in the first place.

What's It Look Like?

The pin is round and 3/8 of an inch in diameter, with a gold border and a dark blue background upon which the initials "FOR" stand in white with a gold border. You can't be well-dressed these days without an FOR pin. It lends the finishing touch to whatever you're wearing—a tea gown, a navy blue chalk-stripe suit, or dungarees. For the gentlemen, or any other men, we have buttons which screw securely into your buttonhole.

What's It Say?

People tell us they are irresistibly led to ask "FOR what?" when they see the pin. What better opening could a pacifist ask for?

75c

THE LAST WORD

One of these days maybe we'll have the last word. In a few years the cities of the earth may lie in burning ruins, the fields and woods will be charred rubble, and pacifists can say "I told you so!"

Small satisfaction, isn't it? We've got to speak now, to avoid saying "I told you so" later; and to speak, we must be informed. We've got to be able to tell people what pacifism is, and what it can do, as convincingly as possible. So read these books and know your answers—and speak, now!

NOT BY MIGHT
By A. J. Muste

Sets forth the way Jesus taught and lived as the practical way now for the individual and for the nations.

$2.50

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE
By Henry David Thoreau

The classic essay on the relationship of man to the state.

25c

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL
By A. J. Toynbee

Essays giving Toynbee's view of history and analyzing the present civilization's chances of survival.

$3.50

ROAD TO PEACE
Pacifist Research Bureau

A study of international functional organizations, both past and present.

50c

New Novels of Interest

THE PLAGUE
By Albert Camus $3.00

A parable which makes a searching analysis of the human predicament, never more urgent and acute than it is today.

APE AND ESSENCE
By Aldous Huxley $2.50

A biting picture of post-atomic war America, with deep insights into the relationship of man to his situation and to God.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY
By Alan Paton $3.00

A moving story of people twisted and wounded by the race situation in South Africa, told with compassion and understanding.

FELLOWSHIP PUBLICATIONS

2929 Broadway New York 25, N. Y.

THE PATHETIC (BUT TRUE) STORY OF THE POOR LITTLE UNDERNOURISHED BANK BALANCE[1]

Once upon a time[2] there was a Poor Little Bank Balance, named George, who lived in a cubbyhole in a Big Brick Bank Building on Broadway, in New York City. Poor little George was a great puzzle to his nurses and doctors,[3] who could not understand what kept him alive. Because George, frankly, suffered from undernourishment.

Now George had a big family—almost 15,000 members—who loved him and sometimes fed him pretty generously, but when George was blue he sometimes thought they only fed him for what they could get out of him. Because they were always calling on George to do more than his strength would permit.[4]

George's worst times always came toward the end of the summer, after his family had been away and forgotten to feed him. Come September, George would be a puny little specimen, lying in his bankbook hardly breathing, often having managed to survive only by a transfusion from one of the healthier balances who lived with him. Then, stricken with remorse, George's family would rush around, sending in not only good health-giving money from their own pockets, but getting help from their friends and neighbors, for George.

This year George[5] was so weak by the end of August he tripped over Labor Day and fell flat on his face. What's particularly bad about it is that there's a Big Bad International Crisis hanging around, and George is one of the few Balances around who knows how to tackle it and drive it away. So George, panting feebly, asks us to send out this hurry call. All he needs for that ruddy glow of health is some good crisp banknotes and an occasional check or so, and there's many a neighbor of yours will be glad to send him nourishment if you tell them about George and the work he does.

* * *

Not to put too fine a point on it, George is the FOR bank balance and George does need help. One way to give him that help is to send in your contributions for 1944 if you haven't already done so. Another—and an important way—is to participate in the *Peace Roll Call*, the annual campaign in which friends of the Fellowship are encouraged to contribute to its work.

1 Any resemblance between the characters in this story and the facts of life at the FOR National Office will be no surprise to *us!*
2 This is only a way to start this: actually, the time is now.
3 They call them tellers and cashiers in this particular bank.
4 Curiously enough, though, George usually did it.
5 Have you guessed yet who George really is?

In previous years—

Ten percent of the membership have helped in Peace Roll Call. . . .

Ninety percent have not!

Were you in the Terrific Ten or the Noncooperating Ninety?

Send today for full instructions and all materials to participate, to

PEACE ROLL CALL

2929 Broadway **New York 25, N. Y.**